



THE "KING OF MALAGA"

Strange Colony in Maine, Where Ignorance and Degeneracy Prevail and the Will of One Man Is Supreme.

THAT there should be within a short distance of the watering places and charming summer resorts of Casco Bay, Me., an island on which a colony of people is living in the utmost ignorance, un-governed by any law, either civil or moral, and under the predominating will of an erstwhile king," so called by the members of the colony, was the astonishing, but veritable fact ascertained by a party of philanthropic people who recently visited Malaga island, some distance off the coast of Cape Small Point and in the near vicinity of Cundy's harbor.

The party consisted of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Miss Anna Gordon, the Misses Mary and Helen Daggett of Cambridge, daughters of Gen. A. S. Daggett, of the United States army; Rev. E. H. Cotton, of the Baptist Church, Harpswell; Mrs. Cotton, his mother; Rev. W. S. Randall, and others who went simply to enjoy the fall, and they visited the island in the magnificent yacht Usona, owned by A. W. Childs, of New York, who with his wife is summering at Harpswell this season.

Philanthropist at Work.

In speaking about the purposes and results of the trip, Mrs. Stevens told an interesting story concerning conditions as they now exist on the island. "I happened to take the trip," said Mrs. Stevens, "as the result of a letter which I received from Miss Daggett, who is philanthropically inclined and who had heard enough of the

rumors concerning Malaga island to desire an investigation. Accordingly, I in turn invited Miss Daggett to accompany us, and we joined the other members of the party on board Mr. Childs' handsome launch.

"We took along a licensed pilot, since the waters about Malaga island are treacherous for navigation, and arrived at the island in about an hour and a half. Two trips of the tender carried those who desired to land ashore, and then we looked about us to see where we were situated. We first saw an old negro who seemed to lack all intelligence, and then we saw walking toward us a white man of fishermanlike appearance, whom we saluted.

Approach of the King.

"I am the King," said he as he looked out over his several acres of domain, but, instead of treating the visitors with majestic haughtiness, he conducted them about with some degree of politeness and an evident feeling of curiosity, answering their questions with a "yes," "no," or "I suppose so," with perfect nonchalance, although volunteering no information which was not asked for.

"I could not tell much about conditions as they have been previously by inquiry from the members of the colony and people who had heard rumors, and the most that I found out was

a good many of whom were children. Some were colored, others were white, while still others appeared to have mixed blood.

"They were mostly sitting about on the rocks aimlessly, and there were no signs of work or industry on the whole island. There were between seven and ten hovels erected, and although we did not see the insides of many of these, we saw enough to realize that their life was as repelling as that of the lowest slums of New York or London. But the redeeming feature which gives most of the children good health, is the out-door life on the rocks, which, is, of course, denied the children of the slums in large cities.

"We first talked with the 'king,' as the people call him. He is an ordinary appearing fisherman, and said that the people depended mostly on sea food for their living. When asked if they did any gardening, he replied that they did not. I asked him why they did not keep a cow. 'Well,' he said leisurely, 'we thought some of getting one, and perhaps we will this fall.'

"The next one we talked with was a very bright appearing white girl whom her mother said was thirteen years old. I asked her if she could spell her name, but she was unable to. Her mother said that most likely she could if she were not embarrassed, and when I

ushered into a room which contained the entire colony. The floor had been washed clean and the contents had been arranged neatly. We found that an attempt had been made by Mrs. Lane, wife of a doctor, summering at Horse island, to provide some education for the children. Some kindergarten articles were distributed around, showing that a definite step had been taken to bring enlightenment into the barbarous settlement.

"On returning to the launch we were served a bounteous supper by Mr. Childs, and finding that much was left over, we left several baskets of the food on the island, more especially for the children, whom we last saw on the shore, waving their hands, since they had no handkerchiefs, and eating fruit and pastry with great relish."

Epidemic Swept Island.

Last winter Malaga island was afflicted with an epidemic of the measles, and this first brought the inhabitants to public notice. The State was obliged to send food and other articles to them or they would practically all have perished. The island belongs really to the town of Phippsburg, but it is a most unwelcome possession, and

the children, the young members of the colony should be taken from the island by the State and placed in some of the institutions for the poor or delinquent. The adults should then be taken from the place and given work on the mainland, for there is plenty of it to enable them to live respectably.

"The only other method of reforming them that I can think of would be to get a man and his wife to do settlement work on the island, but I do not think this would be profitable, because

the colony is not large enough to employ this method. The colony has been in existence for a number of years and the 'king' told us that he had lived there thirty-five years, so it seems as though something should soon be done before the colony increases."

It is safe to say that it is the most lawless colony in Maine, although there is not much opportunity for drinking and stealing, on account of its very isolation, and some steps to bring about a reformation will, in all probability, soon be taken.



The "King" Announces Himself as Monarch of Malaga Island.

of a general nature through personal observation, I should say, as a rough estimate, that the island contained between thirty and forty acres of land, and, as near as I could find out, there were about forty people in the colony,

asked the mother to help out, she appeared herself embarrassed, and failed to assist in the spelling. "And so we continued about the island seeing everywhere signs of poverty and degeneracy, until we were

receives no attention from the authorities. "There should surely be some steps taken to improve conditions on the island," said Mrs. Stevens, "and I should say that with first attention to

WHAT IS A KISS?

By PROF. KRISTOFFER N'ROP, Of University of Copenhagen.

WITH most civilized and many uncivilized people the kiss is the natural expression of love and kindred feelings.

How is it, then, to be explained that a kiss has come to be of such vast importance? How is it that a light touch of the lips is able to express our inmost feelings more eloquently than the words of any language?

Is this to be considered something primitive or something artificial and conventional? Is it as natural to kiss when we love as to laugh when we are happy or cry when we are sad? In other words, is Steele right when he says that nature has taught us to kiss, and that "nature was the author of the kiss and that it began with the first courtship?"

I shall try to answer this question, but I must advance the remark that we here touch something of which we cannot know anything definitely and that all we can do is to put forward more or less plausible theories.

First, it is important to remember that many nations do not know the kiss in its ordinary form. It is unknown in the greater part of Polynesia, in Madagascar, and among many negro tribes in Africa, principally, of course, among those who mutilate their lips.

W. Reade tells of the terror of a young negro girl when he kissed her. It is also unknown among the Patagonians and the Eskimos as well as among the natives of part of Finland. B. Taylor says in his "Northern Travel" that, while in Finland men and women may bathe together, kissing is considered immoral and indecent. When he told a Finnish woman that it was common in England for husband and wife to kiss each other, she replied indignantly: "If my husband dared try that I should box his ears so that he would feel it for a week."

If one then asks what takes the place of the kiss among these people, it should be remembered that there are an infinite number of greetings. Some people slap each other's hands or stomachs, others blow on each other's hands, while still others scratch their right ear and put out their tongues.

In many countries greetings are exchanged with the nose. This is the so-called Malay kiss, which consists of rubbing the noses together. This nose greeting is found among the Polynesians, Malays, Eskimos and negro tribes in Africa—all people who do not know the usual kiss.

It seems that this nose greeting is a very primitive custom, whose origin is rooted in the sense of smelling.

Spencer says: "The sheep brays to call back its little runaway lamb. It sniffs at several lambs gamboling around it and recognizes its own by smelling it and rejoices at the reunion. By repetition a certain relation between the two factors is developed so that the odor of the lamb gives rise to a feeling of joy in the mother sheep."

As every animal has its own peculiar odor, thus has also every human individual. When Isaac, the patriarch, grew old his eyesight grew dim and he could not see. He wanted to bless his oldest son Esau, but Jacob deceived him by putting on his brother's clothes. Isaac then said to him: "Come nearer, my son, and kiss me."

He smelled the odor of his clothes and blessed him, saying: "Lo, the

odor of my son is like unto a field blessed by the Lord."

To smell the peculiar odor of a human being whom one loves produces joy. Tinkowski writes of a Mongolian father who from time to time smelled his son's head. This with the Mongolians is a sign of fatherly love.

In the Philippines the sense of smell in the natives is so acute that by smelling a handkerchief they can tell to whom it belongs, and loving couples who part give to each other pieces of their clothes, and while away from each other they remember each by smelling them.

That the fine aroma arising from the body of a beautiful woman plays a very important part in the love affairs in all nations is too well known to be mentioned.

It is not very likely that the inspiratory muscular movement of the lips should be the natural physical reflex of a feeling of love, as for instance the contraction of the muscles of the brows may be the direct manifestation of anger.

Nether do I believe that the mere touch of the lips has primarily been enough to say "I love you," but is rather to be considered the means to enjoy a certain sensual feeling, a way of enjoying through the nerves of nose and lips the peculiar odor of another human being.

Scientific Rabies

By Mrs. J. D. Hay Shaw.

THERE are few individuals who suffer more from the present-day mania for experiments in diets and hygiene than the luckless first-born infant, who is absolutely helpless and at the mercy of the whims of its owner.

If it were only its owner's, things would not be so bad for it, but every relative, friend, or acquaintance has always a fund of advice and experience to place at the disposal of the bewildered young mother.

Even within the last few years the methods of bringing up children have undergone a complete revolution. That tyrant of one's youth, the old and trusted nurse, who had successfully brought up one's parents from infancy to youth, has almost disappeared from the modern nursery, and her place has been taken by a smart, young, uniformed attendant, full of the very latest theories on the laws of hygiene and the most up-to-date methods of rearing children. It is merely a change from one autocrat to another as far as the mother is concerned, and whether the change is for the better it is hard to say.

The modern baby lives entirely by rule. It must not be fed when it is hungry, but only at stated intervals, with a stated amount of nourishment, measured out and prepared regardless of the fact that when many satisfy one infant may be totally insufficient to quell the cravings of another. If it is not enough it must go without, for that is all the food which, according to the chart, an infant of that age should require.

It must sleep a certain number of hours and wake only at the recognized intervals for its food, and under no consideration whatever must it be rocked or jiggled.

One thing that within the last few years has brought about a great change for the better is undoubtedly the modern passion for open windows and fresh air, as against the views of the older generation, when a nursery was kept heated to the verge of stuffiness day and night.

I can remember what the atmosphere of that nursery used to be when the babies were small and no breath of wind was allowed to blow on them. Now what a change, has come over the scene. A thermometer registers a medium cool temperature which must not be exceeded, the windows are open day and night, all unnecessary curtains, unventilated coverings and superfluous furniture are excluded and the value of open spaces and a free circuit of fresh air is demanded.

The modern system of clothing babies also comes under disparagement, although no one can really doubt that their system of leaving their offspring with bare necks and arms while they smothered them with a totally unnecessary number of garments on the rest of their bodies must have been responsible for a good deal of mischief in the way of chills and consumption germs. But now that we clothe our babies in wool and as few garments, leaving their feet bare or laced in sandals, and their legs uncovered, we are told that we are running foolish risks.

After all, the average baby is a much more hardy little animal than most people give it credit for, and much more determined to live than people would have us believe; and it is a matter of indifference to most of them whether they sleep in a cradle or a patent swing cot, are bathed in a patent bath or a galvanized tub, or take their food from a patent bottle or a spoon, provided all are at hand when they happen to want them.

THE OLD SUNBONNET — By John Anderson Jayne

THE preacher had been called into the country on one of those sad errands that frequently come to the lot of the preacher, to speak a few words of comfort to a family of sons and daughters who had been called together for the first time in years. The mother, after years of sacrificial living, had been called from scenes of toil and labor to the land of eternal rest.

The songs had been sung. The prayers had been offered. The Scripture read. The word of comfort and promise spoken. The open grave had been filled, and the flowers, the tokens of love and respect, had been placed on the grave. The benediction had been pronounced.

Now the sons and daughters were gathered in the old farmhouse and were speaking in subdued voices one to the other.

Just then one of the daughters came out into the front doorway carrying in her hand an old sunbonnet. "This was mother's," she said, very softly and very tenderly.

"Do you remember how she used to wear it? Wore it in the garden, when out in the fields she loved so well, up in the pasture, when father was away from the house, and she went after the cows?"

There was a moment's hush, and then one of the girls, who had been away in the West for years, said: "Yes, I remember it. I remember she

wore it one night in an awful storm, when she went across lots to Neighbor Jones' house to get medicine for you, Kate, one night when you were taken seriously ill and we were all little, and could not be sent."

Then another girl, whose dress was flashy, and whose face showed something of the hard life she had lived, said: "Yes, I remember that old bonnet. She wore it the morning I left home to go to the city, for I was wild, and the restraint of the farm and the lure of the city lights had attracted me. She had it on her head when I defiantly told her good-by, and then, without removing it, came over where I was standing, and said: 'Daughter, if you will go, you can go, but remember your mother.' Then she kissed me. When I went away and forgot all about what she had told me. I had a good time while she was doing her drudging. I had my gold, for my face brought it to me. And I forgot all about her and her prayers, and now, now, now—" Then she ceased speaking, for all of the family knew the sad story of her reckless life.

Then one by one that family of boys and girls, grown to men and women, told of what "mother" had done while wearing that old sunbonnet; told how she wore it down to the gate when looking for them to come home, how she had kissed them while it was still on her head; told how they, too, had received her blessing as they went away.

Then came a discussion relative to what was to be done with the old sunbonnet.

One of the girls said she wanted it to be put away to keep as a sacred heirloom for her children and children's children. Another said she must have it because she was the oldest, and the youngest said she must have it because she was the baby.

Then the daughter whose face showed traces of the life she had lived, said: "Girls, I want that sunbonnet. I want it to hang up in my parlor. I want it where I can see it every day. I want it for a constant reminder of her who was my best friend. I am going to have an awful fight to keep true hereafter, for I am going to keep true. I want it as a talisman to help me when I'm discouraged, when I'm tempted to go back to the old life. I want it," and a great sob shook her frame. "I want it to be near me all the time, for, girls, I want to make my life my mother's if I can. Girls, please, please let me have it."

And without a word the girls placed the old sunbonnet in the sister's hands. And in that fashionable parlor in the big city today the sunbonnet hangs, a constant remembrance to the girl, a reminder of what her mother had been, a help, an inspiration, a blessing, a benediction.

And the old sunbonnet, speaking constantly of the sacrificial and loving mother, has saved and redeemed the daughter.



Children Shrunk From the Well Dressed Visitors.